

A Brown Dozen of Drunkards:

(Ali-afs Drink-hards)

Whipt, and shipt to the ffile of Gulls:

For their abusing of Mr. *Mals* the bearded son, and *Barley-broth*
the brainlesse daughter of Sir *John Barley-corne*.

All joco-seriously descanted to our
Wine-drunk, Wrath-drunk, Zeale-drunk, } staggering Times.

By one that hath drunk at S. Patricks Well.



London: Printed by Robert Austin on Adlin-hill. 1648.

Dozen of Drunkards: (Also Drink-hards)

Whipt, and kept to the file of Gallies:
For their abusing of Mr. Math the bearded son, and barley-bread.
The praiseworthy daughter of Sir John Barley-corn.

All joco-sariously
delivered to our
Scale-drunk,
Wash-drunk,
Wine-drunk,
Singing Times.

By one that hath drunk at S. Patrick's Well.



London: Printed by Robert Dugan on Abing-hill. 1648.

A brew was dozen of Drunkards, a half Doink-hards.

3m Jbeoferiously deBast ghis bar wine drunk nrich drunk

...with a bunch of

grows and falls, per various causes; after he pain declined between, (to which

Drunken Wimbles, all the Rotten

his Barre, that a full pot is better then an empty purle: make

way for him there, let him have elbow-room enough;

mark how he comes rowling like a wheelbarrow, well-

Waves half under-water: look at him well (as an emblem of our

Pernitz'd times; as good as any in *Carz. Quercus. Whitey. or Withern.*

how he turns, rolling like a ball, or an unbialed bowl, runs in a circle.

lar motion, like a copperfly or Whirligig, although more quick-limbed than either, and more like a dragonfly than a damselfly. His legs were in his heels, then silver in his purple, and more weathercock

on his head, then wit in his head: how naturally his feet without any

art, like a poetizing logic, with six feet, make Hexameters with Penta-

wheelbarrow, long and short, up and down, like the peaks in the warring

the pampered ladies of Asia? By the influence of the Moone on his marbled

Element one would think this Moon-calf like other calves, had the

sturdy, or like a Smithfield Jade, the flaggers, he takes such tricks and camera from the circumference of the wide streets into the center of

the channel, which he claims as his hereditary right, by such a close as

the Rebels kept a plot of ground, near the island called Ga-

lowes Green, from whence they oft marched (as formerly George and other Levites from Tabor to Taborne) downe Gallowes Gate

and up Hemp Street, he was so intoxicated in his giddy frames, like a

Midsummers Coole, that he lingers in his motions, like some old and

new Enthusiasts, Familiars, Amateurs, once in Germany, and now in England and much our new-Schoolers for the Moon, in the Moon drinking

England with our new teachers for the Man in the Moon drinking
Claret, reeling in their motions and miscrant opinions, as once drun-

Ken Elderton in his Portraits: I will stand to it that however he goes to the

Al-stand a Nowne Substantive, he ever comes from it. Now is Ad-

ctive, no more able to stand by himself than a hop or a vine without a prop or a wall; a trencher, Paralytic without a feeding Patrone, or a

...weaning child without the upholding hand of a mother or a nurse

A 3

raise your hand from him, and let him stand on his owne legges, and you take crutches from a cripple, and a leaning staffe or post from a lame Giles, knockt in the head with a Barly bulle, as an Oxe with a Butchers Axe, *procumbit humi bos*, he stands so long as he can stand, then staggers and falls, *per varios casus*, after he hath declined *potum*, (to which he is much inclined) throughout all cases, till he be fit to be trust up in a cap-cake, *tendit in lutum*, he seels into the mire, where he wallowes like a weake horse in a bog, or a Gentleman in debt, and cannot get out, till some charitable hand help him: To anatomize him further, this Brute-ass (though not so oraculously as *Brutus*) oft kisseth his Mother earth, and acknowledgeth her bowell-bred wormes to be his brothers, yea with as much humility, as once *S. Francis* said brother Wolfe, he oft saith brother Hog, since it cannot be denied, but that as the same Barley-graines feed and fat them both, so they are oft tied together, and kennelled in one channell, which although he lift his legges oft verie high, when his head goes very low, it's very probable, that he is as full of grave thoughts, or thoughts of his grave, as a Goose egge long sitten full of matter, since he is so oft digging his grave, as the Badger his hole, with his very nose, onely his pride is, that after he hath kept his *prioratus* amongst his Antippized pot-professors, he causeth the stones, as once *Parson*, to kisse his *posterioribus*, though they be the bones of his old mother *Tellus*, as Poets tell us: the thing I most pity in him is this, that for all the reeling of this Ganderized giddy head, if his wife card no better at home, then he reels abroad, they will make a web no better then *Arachnes* clew, fit to be swept down, or then a fooles Medley of Goates wool, Doggs haire, and moffie downe, they will twist such webs as *Penelope* and *Eucree* wove *ad Calandam Gracat*, in *Platoes* great year, when all Hens will make holy water, all Virgin yestall Nuns give milk, all Judges hate bribes, all Lawyers refuse fees, and all Black-coats great benefices: but since it is as probable that he may reel home, to steale a nap, as some Senior or Junior *Immerito* may be informed in these reformed times, how to slip, steale, or stumble into an undeserved plump personage, we will leave him to lolling, till his wine be out of his head, and his wit in, and re-Bex on his next fellow.

2. Drink hard Heluob.

A Tospottalian of a stronger bulk and braine then the former wind (or wine) shaken recd, or any of his fellowes: one that is no flincher,

he.

he will stand to it more then any Thinker, as a metall'd man indeed, back and edge; he will not out, till the last man be born, nor shrinke from his tippling taske, (like most now a daies from their poor friends) like Westerne cloth in the wetting, he is not loose in the hasty, like so many Tormants that have lately turned French, yea Hispanioliz'd, Italianate, or Devils incarnate for their own ends, if he see his feet once at *Bacchus* his Barre, he cannot be peeckt over as a wrangler, he will goe thorow sitch with his work in sucking *Bacchus* his grapes, till they be as dry as a kilne stick, or the sparks in a smiths throat: he will not fall off, as a Horse-Leach from sucking the Gouty leggs of a *Gulldinner*, when he is full, or as a Souldierly *Clineau*, or *Dametas* from his colours, when his faint heart is in his heels: he is a stiffe blade indeed, Steele to the very back, yea to give this doughty Drunkard (like the devill) his due, though I set him in the second place to his small grace, as though it were something, as in the Olimpick Games, to be a second in wrastling, as the Pitcher-bangers in *Alexanders* Feast at Babylon, for the Barly wreath and *Bacchus* his Garland, yet indeed he is like a Cock of the game amongst Familiars, or a Conqueror amongst Cravens, the King and Cob of all the rest, usually a Ledger when they are all under board; no Beere Brewers horse hath the commendation to draw on, (draw in) or beare his drinke better then he: as there is fame in male, fame even in infamy, (which he aimed at, who burnt *Plinius* Temple) so like these furre-blazed *Bacchanalians* in their times, *Tricongius*, *Novengius*, *Bonofus*, *Tymoleon*, and the rest of the riotors, he is the *Coriphæus* and prime amongst all the frothy fraternity of Fudlers, the proto-lippler amongst all his *Naballs*, his *Nebulors*, his drunken neighbours, the maine barrell amongst lesser skins, in which he steeps his Lands monies and meanes, till both he and his be in a pitifull pickle; he hath a drunken Dropfie in his throat harder to be quenched with wine, then the Golden Dropfie in a covetous *Cremes*, or then the flames in the Northern Hecla, the Scicilian *Etna*, or that *Vesuvius* which choaked *Pliny*, to be quenched with water; harder to be cured then the Gout, the Sciatica, the Strangury, or the regnant spleen amongst Sectaries of all sorts and sexes: yea as dangerous, so no lesse difficult to be cured, then the shaking of the elbow in an habituated Gamester, the hot mouth Feaver in a scold, the tongue Palsie in a babbling *Battus*, the stone in the heart, worse then in the reines of Pharoized impenitents, his Appetite for drinke, is like the grave for bodies, hell for soules,

dead, barren, new Pills, in sea, and yet you need not know it, or burn it
soules; *materia prima* for formes, the fire for fuel, and the barren
womb of a *Messalina* for lust, which was *lassata non satiata*, insatiable,
as *Pliny* the younger, *Plautus*, *Cleantes*, *Demosthenes*, and others in
their Diurnall and nocturnall studies, were *Helluisti Librorum* of
Books, so he is *Helluisti liquorum* of bottles filled with liquors, *quo
plus bibuntur, plus fiturur aqua*, the more he drinks, more dry he is,
like the Smiths forge, saith *Ecclusus* (*de Morib. lib. 8. cap. 8. sect. 3.*) which
by an Antiparistasis burnes more fiercely by casting water on it, like
unleeked lime, liquids rather inflame him, then cool him, I know no
disease more spread over millions of *Misogalones*, like a Canker, more
blotting, more, incapable of cure, then this swelling Gangrene,
or a swelling drinking Droppe, except a Tympany of more then, An-
christian, even Luciferian pride in many Sectaries.

Of drunken Barnabee.
Vith whom to make a short dispatch, and to trusse up his humor
in a paper balke, because we have dwelt too long upon Hel-
lucob, this *Barnabee* is as Maudlin drunk, besides the description that
his proper new Ballad makes of him, *as drunke all night and dry in
the morning*, his catch being still one tooth is dry, like one old *Cham-
berlaine*, called old *Twitche* in *Yorkshire*, who though he had washed
many hundred pounds downe his throat, protested he was yet dry for
all that; but passing by that humor, which hath some coincidence
with *Hellucob*, this our maulified Maudlin is but halfe drunk and halfe
sober, like a Newter in Religion, halfe a Protestant, halfe a Papist, halfe
light, halfe darknesse, like the twilight, or as a luke-warme Laodicean
professor, halfe hot, halfe cold, or indeed his true Hieroglyphick is an Ar-
chized, Tarchonized *Buffon*, halfe a fool, halfe a knave, like a mule, halfe
a horse, halfe an asse, or a Cynocephalist, halfe a dog, halfe an ape, or a
Mare-maid, halfe fish, halfe flesh, (*Mulier formosa superne desinens in
piscem*.) but chiefly reflecting on *Virgils* worse verse, as a *Ventriloquist*
termed his *semivirumq; bovem, semibovemq; virum*, half a man in his
sober part, halfe an Oxe, a very beast in his acted drunken postures, just
(or unjust) as King *Philip* was on his Tribunal, halfe asleep, halfe awake,
not as a Lion, the embleme of a Polititian, waking when he feignes
to sleep, as that *Witt-all*, or all wit, in *Rome* did to *Mecenas*: (with
his *solis Mecenate dormio*) but like a Semidormant, and Semivigilant be-
twixt hawke and buzzard, cup and can, a Semi-drunkard, and Semi-so-
beratus, quoth old *Horsey*, like a meer mongrill, halfe a Gray-hound,
halfe

halfe a Mastife: yet as in Divinity we say, that God will have all in man or nought, the whole man or no man, without any more will to admit a corivall; then *Cesar* to shift stakes with *Pompey*, or *Alexander* with *Darius*, or the true mother once to divide the child with the false mother, detesting an *Agrippa*, that is but half perswaded to be a Christian and no further, like a Cake, half bak'd, or flesh half boild, or halfe broild, occasioning so much our Irish Fluxes: so in morality, though I approve what *Paul* allowed *Timothy*, and *Solomons* Mother the sad hearted, a little wine, as a little raine to refresh the earth, not to bog it with too much, or so many cups from the grape (according to the old distinction) as tend to necessity, and to hilarity, yea to acuity to whet-ten the wits of a heavy Dutchman, and to heat a cold Scotian braine, yet I dislike a man to be half drunk, maudlin drunk, and but partly sober, as I distast a man that is but partly honest, and not down-right as *Caro* in Rome, and *Phocion* in Athens, and a woman that is suspected to be too great a dancer with the Romane *Sempronia*, or too great a comrade, with young Gallants, like *Augustus* his *Livia*, and *Julia*, to be held absolutely honest. But to trouble the by-standers no more with this half-staking Gamester, I touch upon another, who hath oft troubled me, I say of a drunken Tom Trouble some, or Troublesome.

A Wonderfull Linguist, tho no Artist, unlesse that illiberall *Arts* be-
bends, the art of drinking or drowning all arts and good parts like some Beucarks in drink, as Pearles cast into Boggs, be an art, though as needlesse as for a young *Phaeton* to help *Phobus* in his Chariot, or a candle to help the Suns light, to as much purpose as for a pen-feathered, pride-puff ignorant arrogant Novice to intrude himself to gain foyles, or rather silver from an aged, a powerfull, painfull, and gifted Divine, which were as though some *Gusman* or Gooseman Junior, should offer to help an old man, though a bold man, and spirited, to get children on his Brides Matrimoniall or Ministeriall. This premised, to descant and describe him in his pestilent postures. A blustering blarant blade he is, who cannot be content to be drunk in silence, (as many a biting wurer, a close adulterer, an envious Snake, a silent Serpent, a covetous *Euclio*, a churlish *Nabal*, a plotting Court *Haman*, a Camp'd *Achisophel*, are dammed in hugger mugger, and go to the Devill, their Father without any noise) but his Brains once washed, and his tongue oyled with the bleedings of the Barley, the clack of a

Water Milne, the striking of the Jacks, the whirling of the wheels in a Clock, the scolding of two *Xanthippes*, the prevarications of two Sophisters in the Schooles, the word Tilings of two Lawyers at the Bar, yea, the chattering of Crows in a wood, when their nests are pulled downe, or the removall of a Court or a Camp, are not with more noise and disturbance then drunken blusterings, howlings and shoutingings of this turbulent *Tom Trouble-towne*, which are more harsh then the noise of Dragons, the hollow tones of *Picurnes*, the Thrill-shrecks of Night-owles, or the loud Hones and Hobbabs of our clamorous Irish: but if these speak him not fully, when he drinks fluently, the shouts which the old wives in *Chancery-lane* and *Dame Bartlett the Hen*, when the Fox carried *Chanticleer* the Cock to the wood, or the vociferations of the Carthaginian wives, when their children were shipped, and carried pledges to Rome, scarce parallel the clamours and *Starving* women, which this obstreperous *innocent* trouble some Tof-pot with his night-walking *Nebulose* mislay, when their throats are deep rimm'd, and the barrells of their brains full charg'd with *Rachis* his bolts: Oh they roare then as if in so many Pumps, they so deafe the snoring of Beares, the howling of Irish Wolves, and the barking of all the Towne-Doggs, that it is not possible to steale a hap for them, so long as these *Larmagants* roare, for my poor part, I had rather heare a hundred buttlocks of mine owne bellow, and a thousand sheep of mine owne bleat, then to have my ears taken up by a Commission in the commotion of their black *Santos*, and however some Zealists have rather delighted in an unsuned Welsh Harp, or in a Scotch Bagpipe, then in the bellowings out of an Ale-house into Cathedralls of some white and black-spotted Bulls of Basan; (as they Satirically stigmatized them, and their unceding Carriages to loud Organs,) yet to me nothing comes more harsh then the Reboations of these tumultuous Trouble-townes, excepting to hear or see an ominous Owle or a foolish Moore Cock making a noise in an ill-becomed usurped cage, with the extrusion of a more desired, more delighting, more deserving Nightingale, or an ignorant bearded *Symplicius* with no more learning then a Lay-man, flurting up as unwarrantably, unworthily, unwelcome into the Pulpit of such a Divine extruded, as might be his Tutor for gifts and years, to beat into his blockish braines both morality, Divinity, science, conscience, humanity and civility, with all all the blustering of *Sir John Barlingorne* clamorous *Clyents* could not so dis-

quiet.

quiet me, as to see or heare. (what I heard at second hand in Ireland)
numerous Locusts singing, and Frogs croaking from *Po* and *Tyber* in
the chambers (as *Quondam* neere *Thames*.) of Catholick Grandees,
and collapsed Ladies: yet in conclusion, in the greatest feared confu-
sion, I should be distressed, disturbed, and distracted more then by all
these, if I should see or hear in this our white Albion (died red by the
Pseudodox, as once Jerusalem, Antioch, and Damascus with the blood
of the Orthodox) the raging of French and Spanish Bears, the roarings
of Turkish Lions, the bellowings of Romish Bulls, (louder then from
five Popes in Queen *Elizabeths* daies) and the howlings of Irish Wolves,
called Rebels, in the deadly tones of the Moabites, up and to the
spoiles of our English Israelites, let us fish our owne ends in their
muddied yea bloodied waters, we are called in by a powerfull, and
pestilent party-coloured spotted Leopard, called *Liberty of Conscience*,
to plant every Nation and nature with more immunity and impunity
then in Poland and Holland, his owne braine-bred Religion, though
a blasphemous *Alchoran*, or *Thaluma*, or *Valentinus* his renewed fond
Aenes, or the reawakened dreames of *Montanus* and *Priscillas*, or the
deluding dotages of the *Praticeilians*, and *Begnardines*, and filthy *Fa-*
milists and *Adamites*, which fired Italy and Germany; all these with a
War-Pantizabimus by the unerring spirit of Revelation without any
Scripturian foundation, to be planted by power and possession, to the
supplanting of grace, peace, truth, and to the deforming a pretended
and projected uneffected Reformation. But least my porcupined pen
pricking the galled sides of gulleys hearts, should so far trouble some
zeal-drunk Zealists, more then Drunkards trouble me, as not only to
kick me out of a Church, as if innocent *Philip* from his owne pride to
be possessed by some Herodian hot-spur, but to hurry me into *Johns*
prison, or *Jeremiahs* Dungeon, since *procul a Jove, procul a Fulmine*, it's
good sleeping in a warme skin, least this troublesome fellow by Law
concluding in *Ferib*, trouble me as I have troubled him; I fly from
him *longquam cane Canine*, as from an unworm'd dog or snake, and
bring on the Stage another, as though butter would not melt in his
mouth. And that is

5. Drunken Agonisthesia

The Master of the Revels, called *M. Controller*, who as peere as a
Peermonger, and as spruce as a finicall Barber, will have either
thing (which we scarce doe in our devotions) done in his drink in or

der, though he cares as little for any solid Doctrine, as *Aesop's* Cock for a Pearle, or a dogg for a holy thing, which he sleights, as the Gadderens did the best Doctor, and as our Gadders now into the Land of Nodd, nullifie our best Divines: yet he is wonderfull punctuall, for Discipline is observed more strictly in his Taphouses, then in some Temples, or in the whilom Camps of *Cesar*, *Scipio*, *Hannibal*, *Sertorius*, *Charles the fifth*, or the Germane *Otha the 4.* for even when he drinks with his comraigs as unmeasurably as any historified Tricongians and Novengians, or as *Alexander* at *Celanus* his Funerall, and when he danceth after full pots, as after full blowne pipes, the English Dance (now most in use in Courts, Camps, Countreyes and Cities) called, Passing measure, and Sellingers round, or the world upon wheels, yet he will be unmeasurably angry and more hot then a Graves-end Toast, if all things be not done in measure: hence he acts more complements in drinking then Jesuites and Friers in their studied Cringings and duckings, or then the French, Spanish, or Italian in their Courtings, all besprinkled with Court-holy water; so long as he can stand, he stands as much upon ceremonies in all houses that are Ale-houses, as ever they were stood upon, urged, pressed and prescribed in Bishop *Quondams* daies, ere the altar-case so much alticated, did alter and halter too (*quo jure*, I discusse not) in the reigne of Sir *John Presbyter*, opposed by *Hugh Sir Peter*, and his Petreans: hence in all his punctuall postures acted to a haire, he vents all his invented and new minted complementall phrases of *Dicantoes*, *supernaculum*, *upsefreeze*, *pro fas*, *cup-Wagglis* bearing up stiffe, winding up to the bottome, with his constant care of observing all the Statutes enacted in *Bacchus* his headlesse, brainlesse, staggering and party-coloured Senate, as amongst the rest: First, that no blowne drink be left, it's loathed as some birds loath their eggs, if a Serpent do but breath on them. Secondly, healths as they go (like causes oft in Courts) by favour and friends, so they must be pledged personally, not (as some noble men say grace, and have some to venter hell for them) by any Atturneyes, Stewards and Deputies. Thirdly, some healths must go (as the globed world and the tottering times go) round, and like current coine passe from man to man, till the motion the portion begin againe, from *terminus à quo*, till it end in the *terminus ad quem*. Fourthly, though some Anditors and Schoolboyes in Churches care not for more then needs, being so consciouable, that they care not how little they have for money; yet as a
just

just measuring man that will have penniworths for his penny, he will have the black pot as brim-full as he hath the liquids from it braine-full, blatherfull, and bellifull. Fifthly, he will have no drinking to the Tapster, *Chamberlaine*, Drawer, or vulgar Officers, as once *Tom Brown* to his man. Sixtly, he so observes the Sex Feminine before the Masculine, being honoured in England, womens paradise, more then in India, Turkey, Italy, or any Countrey their Purgatory, withall knowing that in most Countries Ducks will drink as much as Drakes, and Geese as much as Ganders, he enacts, that a woman must be drunk unto first, before a man, and sometimes first drunk also. Seventhly, he looks that every man pledge what is drunk to him, not looking for any Lord-Dane or Lurdan to be pledge for him. Eighthly, he oft urgeth, that every man shall drinke as many cups as there be letters in the name of his absent friend, whose health he drinks, for which he quotes a verse of as much Antiquity or Iniquity, in *Martiall*, that *Navia sex Cyathis septem iustina bibatur, Lide quatuor Ide tribus*. Ninthly, every man must keep to his first man, souping of his full Can if he can, herein resembling the Lion whose eye is never off him who darted first at him. Tenthly, he will not have it forgotten to call ever for a shot pot or come againe, after the reckoning, as a man of great reckoning in his drinke, though of small account, being sober; in such exact punctualities he would turne all drinkings, as some lately (to their small Laud be it spoken) all Church-Service into Ceremony, all solemne spirituall Worship into Formality, as all Bottle-ale turnes into froath, most of Owles flesh into feathers, and Banbury Cheese into parings. But we have had enough of him and his Complements, we Summon next to the Bar,

6. *Drunken Dick the Gull-Gallant.*

Not *Dick mihi Musa virum*, for though this be a true Trojan, and a mad merry Grigg, though no Greek; yet he is not *Virgils Dick*, nor *Dick* of the old house of Lancaster, nor *Dick Ecclesie*; old *Dick Bawcroft* of *Canterbury* in his time the *Domine fac totum*, that with a perillous pen writ his *Theses Periculosa*, perillous positions, like *Lisamachus Nicanor*, and *Owens Antiparens*, paralleling English and Scottish Puritans (as *Pluritans* branded them) with State-firing Jesuites; nor is it *Dick Dulman* who commenc'd at Dawes Crosse, and to say no more of him, as if Dumsticall Husbands should be inforced upon a relucting Brides, is hufft and puffed up into a Pulpit as his Parish crosse or curse:

nor is it *Dick Litchfield* the neat Cantibrigian Barber, whom *Tom Nashe* so crim'd in his Epistle against the three *Harvies*, but it is *Dick* the *Gall-Gallant*, the filken sot, who though he have like a black pudding some such excellent blood, mixt with his oatmeale and sewer, as a widdow wished for, in her matrimony, or matter of money, I mean great meanes to his generous or noble birth, such Patrimony to his Parentage, as expose him not to the misery of naked honours, with many of our Barons or bare-ones in both Clymes: yet neverthelesse he hath so many wide-throated Crowes about him to pluck his silver plumes, yea to prey on him (and not as on other carrions) before he be dead, that they pluck him as bare as a birds taile, yea as naked as a Creet, or Baboon, as our Irish Wolves lately shone and tore our English sheep; for as though an Elephant should stoop to catch a mouse, and an Eagle pounce a fly, yea as though *Alexander* in the Olympick Games, should run or tilt with a Peasant, not with a Prince, this most unworthy Gentleman, who never was candid nor Gentile, hath his wealth possest, like a cowards sword, by such a dastard and duncicall Master, that playing at small Games ere he sit out, as if a Hawk should keep airy with Buzzards, he consorts himselfe usually with Coridons and Coblers, Rakehells and Raveners, Oastlers and Tapsters, Raggamuffins, and Tatergallians, Tipplers, and Tinkers, and all the Troup of trash affied to the lath: These are *delicias Domini*, every one of them his *vade mecum*, his *fidus Achates*, his *alter ego*, his *Philadelphus*, at the least his Lackeys (till he lack) to attend him, yea his very spirits like *Brutus* his Ghost, which haunt him and follow him as close as his shadow, he can no more shake them off then Doctor *Fausus* his *Mephistopholes*: or *Cardinall Crescence*, and *Cornelius Agrippa* their Familiars in forme of black Doggs: in their deaths they cleave to him like burres, contrary to other Horse-leaches, they will not fall off even when they are full, they wait on him like inferiour beasts, called Courtiers and Pensioners to the Regall Lion, to feed upon his leavings, or rather upon his livings, he feeds these Spaniels which fawne upon him, with good Eppings from the rap: then when these *Steniors* are as full of wine as Organ-pipes, and Bag-pipes of wind, they proclaime his worthlesse worth further then the Birds of *Saba* and *Hama* let out of their cages, sung the fictitious Dieties of their feeders, as loud as those poore men whom the Duke of Savoy feasted, as his Hounds, by which Papistically he hunted heaven, opened loud when

when he came amongst them, with their *God blasse the Founder*, (and as his Steward, replied the confounders too;) and though these his Water-doggs like the Doggs of *Alepp*, devour this their great Master, and as *Pharaohs* lean kine eat up this fat one by degrees, yea though these insatiable Gulphs swallow him quicke as it were another *Codrus*, downe their wide weasands in some proportion, as the Whale did *Jonas*; at best, though these *Cornvoraes* and *Harpies* prey on him, flocking after him like Vultures at the scent and smell of the blood of the grape, so eating into his lands and livings by gradations, as worms into the entrails, and Flesh-wolves into the flesh where they were bred and long fed, that at last his best moenes being spunged, as the best juice out of Oringes and Lemmons, in his purse-consumption, he growes as lank as a Grey-hound, or a shotten Herring, or as a jaded horse so over-ridden, that he is run cleane out of his gites, like one *Gabriel Archer* once in the Towne of Maulton, or Maully Towne, that was so gnawne by these water-rats in his golden mines of rooe, a year, as once *Hatto* of Mentz, and *Popeiet* of Poland by land-rats in their flesh, that though his Father was Bayliffe of *Buyrind*, he came by such Catterpillers his comraiges, so to be Duke of *Sell-land*, and at last to be Prince of *No-land*, that his best Taveins were water-springs, his Host Duke *Humphrey*, his Hostesse mother *Nedd*, his lodging Beggars Inne, where many a lewd *Lentulus*, a prophane *Esau*, a profuse Prodigall hath lodg'd both before him, and since after him: yet neverthelesse when my Gull-Gallant is amongst such pottizing Peasants as claw him like a Tyger, whilst he washeth their mouths, and oyles their throats, placed in the midst amongst them, as the Devill sometimes in the shape of a beast amongst Witches and Conjurors, being here the chiefe figure amongst these Cyphers, the principall verb amongst these Heteroclitites, the Cock of the game amongst these Famlerts, even stowing upon these dunghills; but chiefly the maine male Deere and Buck of the first head, with his silver hornes amongst these Rascalls, where he may be *Sir Jack* say all, and *Sir John* pay all, being here as *Cesar* wished, King and Corypheus over these Mole-hills, rather then a subject to mountaines. Oh! he is in his desired Center, his Turkish heaven, his Temple, his Elizian fields, his petty Paradise: but if it be his hard hap as he thinks, to stumble into better company, his equals or superiors, oh then he is as melancholy as a Hare or an Owl, as dogged as a *Tymon*, as Saturnall as once *Beau*, as silent as a Birding

Birding Cat, or a Turkish Mute, as much frightened as frogs with lightning and thunder, he dares no more speake then *Rascius* once before *Cato*; he fears as much to open his mouth as a black Bird to chatter, or Cranes to make any noise when the Hawke sores over the one, and Eagles watch the other, as they fly over *Caucasus*; oh, then he is in his reall Purgatory, he had rather be turning the wheel at Rotterdam, yea *Ixions* wheele, or fill leaking tubs with *Danaus* daughters, or rowle *Sisyphus* his stone, or doe any other Herculean task that he could manage, then undergo the penance of conversing with any above his owne Sphere, from whom he flies further then *Daphne* in the Poer, from *Apollo*, or that young man in the History from *John* the Divine, loving the company of Theeves more then his; with his good will he comes no nearer any better then himselfe, then a Serpent to an Ash-tree, or to Irish ground, or then Spiders to Irish wood in Westminster-hall, where in no case they dare come to spin any catching webs for fat flies, though Doctor *Didimus* doubts it, and *Scepticus* doth dispute it, but I am sure he flies from all generous and ingenuous society as *Moses* from his rod turned serpent, *quid piscis in arido*, *Monachus in Mundo*, he wonders what he should doe amongst such more then a fish in the Forrest, or a Monk out of his Cell amongst seculars: and amongst such he shuts his lips as *Graculus* inter *Musas*, unfit he should jangle amongst witty Gentlemen: so he shuts also his purse, and binds it faster then any man a scolding tongue, to such good behaviour, that it lies quiet in his pocket and never stirs: to get a farthing from him, unlesse amongst his owne froathy followers, were to get oyl out of a stone, or water out of a flint, or a penny from most Churches now in Troynovant to relieve distressed Hibernians, though roasting us at lingering fires, or if ought be wrung from him, as *Neptunes* Trident, or *Jupiters* Mace out of their fists, for very shame not to be counted a hedger, this is as to wring the blood out of his nose, he parts with it as willingly as with his right eyes, or what is spent this way, he counts it mispent as oyle spilt upon the ground; but hoping that though he have fed long on Widgins, Dotterills and Woodcocks, yet by change of diet, and a fresh aire removed from the bogs of base baggages up to the hills of holier spirits, and by a litle Hellybore to cure his madnesse, his badnesse, and many break-fasts of Row mixt with thrift, he shall not hereafter break fast, as he hath begun. Let us reflect more briefly on a spurious base brother of his, his Cozen Germane a Crow

of a rotten egge steep in wine Lees, or rather a hot spawne of the
old Serpent the unclean spirit. And that is

7. *Drunken Laurence, alias Lusty-guts.*

WHose indictment to draw as favourably as I can, however when
he is himselfe, and hath on his considering cap, he is as seeming-
ly continent as an *Hippolitus*, a *Scipio*, a *Zenocrates*, as though he fed
much on *Agnus*, *Castus*, and sallets of Lettice and Rew steep'd in
drink, *viris Venerem minus*, (*Mulieribus addens*) a great friend to
Masculine chastity, and being unmarried, wanting wedlock waters to
coole his fires, he improves as a Votary to *Minerva* and the Muses
the ordinary use of exiccating Tobacco, and is put to his shifts of
daily shifted shirts, yea of swimming in ponds and rivers, as *S. Francis*
tumbled himselfe naked in the nettles, and *S. Dominick* in the snow,
ad restringendam Venerem, to keep himselfe chaste by art, though not by
nature; yet when he puts off his considering cap, and puts on his barly
cap, as he begins to be a friend to *Bacchus* and *Ceres*, he shewes him-
selfe no foe to *Venus*, (as once her *Adonis*;) nay then as much as any of
her Priapized Friars, or such vestall Nuns her Votaries as filled *Grego-
ries* Fish-pond with five hundred sculls of dead Infants, or as Pope
Joan who by the help of a Cardinall or carnall foald a faire young
Pope in the open street, (as the right Scarlet Whore indeed) least the
Papacy should want heire males of her bodie unlawfully begotten, or
as chaste as that Cardinall in England who declaimed against the mar-
riages of Ministers, when himselfe was caught in bed with a Concu-
bine that very night: this late *Lusty Laurence*, that *Lancashire Lad*,
who had 17. bastards in one year, if we believe his Ballad, after his Ale-
mashe and pot provender, is a stallion that neighs after every female
Filly, every *Phyllis* or *Ill-is*, he is in this hot humour, *omnium horarum
homo*, as the Schoole-boy or Foole-boy misconstrued it, a man for e-
very where, a Jack for every Gill, *omnium mulierum vir*, as *Caesar* was
called, prostituting his *Terentia*, *Servilia*, *Posthumia*, and other Mi-
stresses, more then the late French *Henry* had; in this potting pickle:
any flesh fits his over-boyling pot, all is fish, or rather flesh that comes
to his net, from Madame to mad, he will use puddle waters to quench
his fires, rather then none, any dirty pudding serves this hot whelp of
Cerberus, he desires to devour more flesh then any Minotaur, he
would not spare an *Ephigenia* if she come in his way, this Cub would
lick and worry also leane lambs rather then none, no *Jephthas* daughter

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should

should bewaile her Virginity, if she would but bend her string to his bow, for as he waxeth wild with wine, he would seale all his obscene Letters with Virgins wax, and breake up every Bride Pie, ere it be well bak'd by *Hymen*, though it breed nought but wormes within him, and raw crudities in his drunken thirst, he is such a hot-spur, that he would lose every Virgin Zone ere it be truly tied by *Hymen*, and good Sir *John*, in this hot pot posture he will promise every maid marriage, and seale his promise if he can with his owne Image, though once seducing any daughter of *Eve* to tast the forbidden fruit, this hot Serpent casts off the poisoned tree, this Spaniel shakes off the water on the shore, when he hath used it to catch his desired Duck, when he hath corrupted the wine, he throwes by the crack'd barrell, as Politicians throw by all ladders (if not break them, if Court-ladders for Printes) once climbing to their own ends; his desires after women increase with his wine, the fifty daughters of *Danaus* in one night deflowred by *Hercules*, nor the one hundred Sarmatian Virgins prostituted by *Proculus* in one weeke, nay all the women in the grand Turke Seraglio would scarce sattisfie the desires of this flesh-monger, this Mutton-worrier: this calfe so surfeits on change of pastures, and he is so oft shaven with female Barbers, whose waters are heated with *S. Anthonies* fire, that *vox populi* cries, there went the haire away, so far and so fast plucked off by a French P, called if you will a Pincer, that there is not a haire betwixt his head and heaven, but with this he shames so little, not caring one haire for his haire, that he counts it his (gracelesse) grace to be neare a kin to *Romes Caesar*, oft called, as a cooling card to his triumphs, *Mechum calvum* the bald Lecher, as also to the French *Carolus calvus* and *Baldus* the great Civilian. But I leave this Junior *Heliogabalus* or *Sardanapalus*, or pale-ass *in presenti* to be more wise *in futuro*, when the burnt child hath so oft felt the feared fire, otherwise unlesse he mend his waies, should survive him, I would write on him this Epitaph,

This mad young colt deserves a Martyrs praise,

For he was burned in Queen *Maries* daies,

The fewell to this fire, (oh, who would think it!)

In his owne belly burn'd when he did drinke it.

But as I have no Genius for a Poet, I would not for a world the world should know it, so I turne my Prose in the next place to a Poet indeed, a doughty Poet in his drink,

8. Drunken Don Quixot, ali-afis Pittypoll.

OF a sudden by the fumes of *Bacchus* a mushrump Poet, (as a Plebeian Enthusiast in a trice by a Revelation dropped out of the clouds, or like a *Pal'as* (pale-asse) borne out of a fictitious *Jupiters* braipe, in his owne conceit or deceit, is a Mushrump Preacher,) with his *est Deus in nobis agitante calefacimus illo*, *Moses* and *Aaron* yeeld to us our fires, *Promethians* be our Spirits, heaven inspires, but to send your eyes after this Sir Ferdinando Fash, this Furor Poeticus, however when he is himselfe meer man, and no more, his Genius is obtuse, and dull and heavy, as a great headed Oxe that needs the Goad, or as a Smith-field jade that needs the spur, yet heated with such waters, as are extracted by fires from Limbeckes of coldest Simples, he is presently in excelsis, he is hoisted up as a squib into the aire, with such cracks and flashes as would terrifie all the Buzzards that flock about him, and all the Ducks and Ganders that swattle with him in the same puddles or fuddles, *Icarus*, *Dedalus*, *Simon Magus*, our English King *Bladud* never soared higher by Magicall or Artificiall wings, then he by the sufflations of grinded and powdered Barly, hotter in his braines to blow up his inventions, then any Salt-Peter to blow up a Parliament-House into the aire, for sympathizing with his Predecessors *Tom Nash*, *George Peale*, *Kit Marlow*, *John Green*, old *Elderton*, *Churcharde* (buried with *Alecoes* torch in the Church-Porch) fantastique *Fenner*, and the rest of the pottizing Poetizing fraternity: he never is so good a Poetaster, as when a pot-taster, when he is as giddy with drink, as a Midsummers Goose, then he swaggers more valiantly with a Goose-quill, then any *Cineas* or *Damatus* from the Bodkin to the pike upward, then he marcheth thorow any mans guts as it were with Gunpowder-termes, his pen prickes sharper then a Porcupines, his ink is as strong as his drink, it peirceth into a mans braines, in jerking *Iambicks* and pricking *Satyres*, sharper then the bristles of a Hedge-hogg, it were able to make another *Hipponax* go hang himselfe. Oh, how he then vents Sefquipedalian words, how his termes are stronger then *Aqua fortis* that eats into steel, how he speaks *lapides & Fulmina*, squibs and fire-works, how his wits sparkle like salt in the fire, he casts them amongst his Comraiges, as one *Maples* in *Cambdens Britania* said, he was cast amongst Courtiers, as salt amongst fresh Eels, to make them frisk, and dance without a piper: of all Heresies now revived *extremo ab orco*, as from the lowest hell, which now prester the Church, as *Locusts* from the

bottomlesse pit, as he hates most the Heresie of the *Aquarii*, or water-drinkers, so he is very glad that it is not set abroach now amongst the rest; he holds this Axiome above any Article in the Nicene or Apostolick Creed, that *nulla scribuntur, Carmina aqua potoribus*, that as good verses come from Rurall Skinkers, as from our Hydro-Poets, water-drinkers, and he is verily perswaded that however *Tailour* row in the water, yet when he shaped his best Poeticall shreds, his Muse drunk wine out of the old bottells of the Tower: in brieft, lapping out of old *Homers* bason, that *Vinum Cor* which *Homer* drunk, though he doe not as exactly as *Virgil* imitate *Homer*, nor as our *Chaucer* and *Spencer* *Virgil*, yet as *Arguitur vini vinosus Homerus*, as *Homers* raptures smell of wine, so doe his *Rapfodies* with old *Ennius nunquam nisi potus ad arma*, he never poetizeth so vigorously, as when he poetizeth with his tippling tools, then *secundi & facundi calices fecere desertum*, he quaffes elocution out of full cups *pleno cornu*, every Can is his *Cornucopia*, *post sumpsum vinum loquitur sua lingua Latinum*, he with his wine sips wits and words so strong as fill him fluent with his Latine Tongue, his *pinta Maior*, and *pinta Minor*, this pot and that pinte makes him more fluent then *Hector* pinta upon *Esa*: these are to him for words and phrases more then either *Couper* or *Minshaw*, or *Calepine*, or *Holyoake* or *Rider*, or *Thomas Thom-as* or any other Dictionaries: if he be to hammer out any wordy work indeed, he never stands musing on the matter, with his *Pierides Muse*, nor doth invoke his great Pan, a great Can, out of which he steals a hearty draught, elevates his soaring raptures as high as *Parnassus*, his *Helicon* is only to Hell-it-on, as we say in Yorkshire, and power in spirited liquor which will cause him powre out spirited lines; but at last leaveing this Junior *Randoll*, *Pupill* to *Aristippus* to read his red Latice Lectures, I take a *Synopsis* with a little more brevity on

9. Drunken Spermologus.

A Bird of the same feather, a word-minter, a *Coriatized* *Odcomb*, a meer verball *Windy-bags*, above any mountbank, *Emperick*, or *Albumazar*, a coiner of fustian phrases in *Bacchus* his forge, in such proud pittied and derided follies, straining to be eloquent, as the fabled Frog swelled to be an Oxe, in his *Inkcornisme* *Rombismies*, *Gallymaw-freyes*, and *Omnigetherums*, of English and Latine, and some shreds of French too, and in his *Gibberish* in Welsh and Cornish, which he would have to go for Greek, mixt also together in such a drunken hotch-potch.

potch of affected rope Rhetorick, as makes him as ridiculous as a jaugling Jay, or prating Parrot, which talks at randome she knowes not, nor she cares not what; all his discourse, as too course for any judicious and solid eare, being held onely to keep a fitting Symetry with Sir *Simon Simple*, and Sir *Gregory Non-sence*, such companions as most of our zeale-drunk Plebeians take with them up into most of our usurped Pulpits, which they leave as fouly polluted with ignorance and arrogance, as Foxes, Fowmarts, Weasells and Poulcats leave ill smells behind them where ever they come: but having enough of this *Windy-baggs*, permitting him to fly with the wings of his wits, fantastickly feathered, as an Ole in an evening, I make as bold as welcome, to descant a brother of his,

10. *Drunken Phylantus,*

WHo double drunk with selfe-conceit, as well as wine, he is no sooner a note above *Ela* in his maultified mentall musick, but then especially, he conceits all his Geese to be Swans, his Capons Cocks, his Goats Sheep, his Rats Rabbits, and his Glow-worms blazing Stars; and that he, and not that whilom fantastike *Parsons*, nor yet old *Oberon* is King of the Fayries, or faire-eyes, the great Duke of Eutopia, and the grand Seignior of all that Land, within the Orb of the Moone, which the Authour of the Lunatick Moon-book Mathematically and Supposititiously describes unto us: I must confesse, when I observe the strange humours and conceits of his out-weaned worthlesse selfe, which the Devill and drink infuseth into this proud drunken foole, and note all the addle idle eggs which *Bacchus* hath in his braine, I lesse marvell, that a poor, silly, simple, vulgar, Mechanick Ideot drunk with meer blind and bewitching zeale, and selfe-conceit of his supposititious and imaginary gifts, should conceit himselfe to be as legall, as able, as gifted, as called a Preacher, as any of the Sons of the Prophets, on whom God hath redoubled, as the spirit of *Elias* on *Elisba*, the spirit of preaching, and whom the Church hath called to the Function of a Pastor. But being as much ashamed, that Doctor *Carter*, *Carrier*, *Currier*, *Brewer*, *Dunce*, and *Dulman*, should presume to equallize Doctor *Worth*, *Wisdome*, and *Discretion*, as that *Cumanus* his Ass should jet it in a Lions skin, or that any *Midas* should as an embleme of a sottish Auditor, preferre *Pans* harsh poore pipe, before *Apolloes* melodious Harp: I found retreat to stand, and observe another strange Bacchanalian,

11. *Drunken*

11. *Drunken Sip-Sobrius.*

A Strange Hermaphrodite, who in one houre changeth from drunk to sober, as a Raven in few daies changeth from white to black in her hatching nest, and as a Hare and *Piena* are said in one yeare to change from male to female, and as *Camerarius* in his *Historicalls*, *Consultant* and *Wolfsus* in their *Admiranda*, instance in many changing Sexes, from men to women, as the witches in Livonia in the moneths of June and July, are said to change from women into wolves: so this *Sip-Sobrius*, as though rope-maker-like he went backward and forward, as some men and women with their words and works, he is in a very trice both drunk and sober: what operation the diversified musick of *Timotheus* had to cause *Alexander* first to put on his Armour to fight as a Lion, then to calme him as mild as a Dove, or to turne him to a sad melancholy, and then by other strains to be joviall, me thinks the same worke hath drink in this Camelionized metamorphosed Mault-worme, Peernizing him from drunk to sober, looner then all solid preaching and powerfull oratorious perswasions can work upon the intoxicated braines of a mad Plebeian Enthusiast, to turne him from a zeale-drunk self-conceited Teacher, to his owne former garb of a sober Tradesman, which being almost as impossible as to conjure down a Devill into hell, his old Center, or to gather the dispersed winds into *Aeolus* his bag againe: I leave him, and being bold to frame cutesie with the Clergie as well as the Laity, I make up my Browne Dozen with

12. *Drunken Clericus, or Simplicius.*

THe Countrey Vicar, who to his meat must have liquor, as well as others, even as oft as a Lemman to his sauce, as Mr. Howard told Queen *Mary* when she took away wines from the Clergie, yea though many call him Sir *Iohn* Lack Latine, yet with his good will this *Senior Immerito*, will not lack liquids; in which humour, *pace tanti viri*, I have oft seen I must confesse, even learned Latinizing *Benclark* himselfe, and sometimes *Ingenioso*, a Master of Arts, as well as *Tripes* the prevaricating Sophister, or Aristippized *Randoll*, or *Junior*, and *Senior vix Sanior Bachalaurius*, *Baculo, non Lano dignus*, with many fellowes as right good fellowes in Colledges, as *Noah* was a good Lawyer, *Builer* a good Physician, and *Paracelsus* a good Chimist: and although that Carp-fish that *Aristarchus* or stark-aks, that Tymonist, that Misanthropist, yea that dogged *Cynick*, if not formall Pharisee, that *Samet* more precise

precise then wise brain-sick Zealists, who will not only friske away from the best gifted Preacher, as a young Heifer with a tick on her taile, out of a fresh pasture, leaping over hedges, or as a wild Deere or Rascall trips over the mountaines at chop of a Beagle, but will shoot his fooles bolts at him, that he is a friend to Publicans or Sinners, if he see him but (*semel in anno ridens Apollo*) *raro aut nunquam*, now and then in an Inne or Tavern, though perhaps upon as lawfull an occasion as the Spies had who lodged in *Rahabes* Inne in Jeriwo, or as *Ioseph* had when he took up his lodging in Bethlem: I say such a criticall or hypocriticall censor, had need to have either his braines took out and washt with salt and sage, or his inwards purg'd from the over-flowings of gall and swellings of the spleen: yet neverthelesse as I would have all of *Levis* Tribe to steere from the rocks of the least offence, because a little mote is seen in their eyes, a little mire on their coat, and that which is drunkenness (saith a Father) in others, is sacriledge in them; so for my part, *sepe bilem, vestri movere tumultus*, it oft stirs up my passion, as well as compassion, to see so many excellent good parts, pains, graces, and wits not only washed, but as once *Noahs* for a time drowned in drink, at least soiled as Pearls in a quagmire; as they tax the finnes of others, so the observing vulgar taxing some of them, not for legall using, but too much abusing both *Bacchus* Tobacco, and all strong liquids in their quiffs and their quaffs, that they oft drink till there be no wine in their pots, wits in their pates, nor wealth in their purses, in most Climes, some ecclipsing and clouding all the best of their shining gifts by the interposition of a lunatick watery Planet, many more commonly then commendably taking their liquors till their liquors take them, as the Lobster catch'd the Cat, when the Cat thought to catch the Lobster, and as the Wasp catch'd the Welsh-man by the nose; when her thought to catch the Wasp by the laps of her yellow Jerkin: carousing as freely all sorts of strong liquids, whether Derby Ale, or Nantwich Whiskings, or Bristow Beer, or Gloucestershire Sydar, or Worcestershire Perry, or Welch Meath and Metheglin, or French Claret, or Germane Rennish, or sweet Muscadine, and Malmsey, or Spanish Sack well mixt with sugar, as zeale with discretion, all quaff as freely as the Turkes their Coffa, the Graecians their Falern, and *Vinum Cos*, the Irish their Aqua vitæ, and *Usquebaugh*, or the Iesuites in Paris their *vinum Sorbonicum & Jesuiticum*; I resolve to tell you the truth, (as giving you thirteen to the Dozen) to Anatomize

TO give you the full or foole of him, he is one that either never read or never understood nor regarded *Albertus magnus*; or that gnat All-beard, nor *Wickers*, nor *Baptista Porta*, nor *Levinus Lemnius de secretis*, nor *Cardan de occultis*, nor any writings of hid things and secrets, which he no more heeds nor observes to keep, then most in this false and fickle age, heed or keep faith, truth, honesty, justice, credit or conscience, which most of them are fled to heaven to complaine of their want of entertainment upon earth. Of all others he is unfit to be a Secretary as a woman, who for the most part writes Romane hand, few of that sex Secretary; ever since *Fulvia* bewrayed the secrets of *Cataline*, *Martia* of *Comadus*, *Dalilah* of *Sampson*, or *Fulla* of her husband *Fabius*, concerning that which *Augustus* revealed to him of adopting *Tyberius* to be his successor in the Empire, what ever he knows must out at one hole or other: were I a King, and he as familiar with me, as *Schoggan* with the French King, I would make him of my privy, rather then of my counsell, least he kept it no better then a sieve or a riddle keeps water: what I would have known or divulged, I would tell him, he would vent it sooner in his cups, then if I told it in a Barbers shop, a Milne, a Market, a Schoole-house, amongst boyes, a Bake-house amongst wenches, or at a Gooseups feast, onely commending one good thing in him, (as once one just act in *Cambises*) I leave him, and that is, that he never lets any secrets rot in his mouth, (as a Romane once Apologized,) to cause him to have a stinking breath. But least we hunt him and his fellowes out of breath, for their being soe like Foxes till they stink again, giving them a breathing time to repent, and to weep, if it be but drunken tears in their Dog-sick vomits, we reprieve them till the next Sessions, where more of their fellowes, God willing, shall be arraigned with them at *Bacchs* his Barre; and as we find some dozen and a halfe more of them guilty, after whipping and stripping, they shall have a shipping into *Drunkallia*, or the Isle of Gulls, for their too bold and base abusing of *Sir Jehn Barly-corne*, and *M. Mault* his bearded son, and *M. Barly-broth*, his braine-lesse daughter, again a manner unworthy, till they mend their manners, to stay on his gger any longer in the Isle of Mm.

F. I. N. I. S.

